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'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY ROBERT BURTS.

There stands, situated in the valley of the Susquehanna, a few miles above its junction with the waters of the Chesapeake, a village, known in earlier days by the Indian appellation of CHOWANEE. It is located at the base of a high and precipitous mountain, which ranged far southward, and gradually tapered until it formed the eastern boundary of the Chesapeake. In its front the Susquehanna rolled placidly along, save when some passing breeze ruffled its surface, or some giant rock opposed its progress. On its left there rose a stupendous peak of rocks, which ascended almost perpendicularly from the river's bed, termed by the aborigines, the 'Mountain of Eagles,' probably from the number of that species of the feathered tribe which are constantly seen hovering about its summit. The opposite shore presented a long and low range of woodland, which stretched far eastward, and was finally lost in a chain of blue hills, which bounded the view in that direction.—The village itself presented a cheerful and cleanly aspect; the houses being principally formed of wood, and colored white.

At the time we introduce it to our reader's notice, an unusual excitement prevailed therein, in consequence of the disappearance of ROSE MORTON. Vague and numerous were the conjectures formed by her disappearance. Some supposed that she was abducted by the Indians, in order to obtain a ransom for her release: others, that she was drowned in the waters of the Susquehanna; while a few who loved the dark and mysterious, gave the opinion that she had been murdered by some despairing admirer. Amidst this excitement and contrariety of opinion, one of the villagers stated that he had seen on the preceding evening, two forms, which the darkness of the time prevented from recognition, bending their way up the path leading to the Panther's den. The minds of the villagers were now divested of the doubts that a moment before enshrouded them; and, with a

simultaneous impulse they rushed towards the rugged path that conducted to the Panther's den. Old and young were alike seen climbing the rocky ascent with an agility which nought save the existing circumstances might command. Amidst the general rush, two figures were observed to outstrip the most active of the inhabitants; both were attired in the garb of hunters, and appeared flushed and combatting an excitement they strove in vain to conquer. 'All will be discovered,' muttered one of them—casting a brief and desultory gaze at the many forms that were more patiently ascending the rugged eminence,—and the good old Manhaddon will be murdered by the exasperated multitude! 'Tut, man!' muttered his companion, 'push for the gap, and we may defend it against a host of them.'—Again they proceeded with renewed vigor, thrusting aside the bushes, and leaping from rock to rock with a terrified and passionate haste;—a moment more, and they had entered the rocky chasm, and were entirely screened from the observation of their less nimble companions.

A deep chasm, formed apparently by some mighty convulsion of nature, constituted the entrance into the cave. This the villagers had now entered; proceeding slowly onward, as more than two could not pass abreast. A small precipice, formed of one stupendous rock, should be clambered ere the inlet was gained; but as the van of the party were about to ascend, a threatening voice was heard from the summit of the rock:

'Men of Chowanee! stand—You cannot enter here.'

Those at the base of the rock paused, and casting their eyes upward, beheld the two hunters prepared to dispute the pass with all who might attempt it. A brief silence, and then a murmur of astonishment passed amongst the villagers, ere a voice was heard from below:

'Why, Harry, dost mean that we shall not search the cave?'

'The same!' answered the young hunter; 'she whom you seek is not here.'

'Then why not permit us to enter?' resumed the villagers. 'Young man, this appears mysterious;—such conduct will certainly excite dark suspicions.'

'I know it,' returned the youth, 'and deeply regret the part necessity compels me to perform—But, men of Chowanee! I solemnly affirm unto you, that the one you seek breathes not within the cavern; nor do I know where she may be.'

'On! men, on!' shouted the distracted father, who had just learned the cause of the interruption. 'They have imprisoned my daughter in that infernal den, on, I say; wilt see her murdered before your eyes without an attempt to rescue her from destruction?'

This passionate appeal of the gray-haired parent, caused a movement as if those below had resolved to ascend the rock, but again the voice of the young hunter was heard.

'Men of Chowanee! you pass not, save over our dead bodies: here are two of us—men who have braved the dangers of the wilderness. Be assured, sirs, we shall not shrink from the duty the present circumstances require us to perform.'

So firm and decided were the tones of the speaker, that those who a moment previous, had evinced a willingness to proceed, paused with the air of men who knew remonstrance and force equally vain. Not so with the parent. Rudely thrusting aside those in front, he rushed towards the rock, and clambered the precipice with an agility which youth itself might envy.

'Stand back, old man!' muttered the young hunter, stepping into the inlet of the cave, —'Stand back, sir; I would be loth to lift my arm to age as reverend as thine; yet if you attempt to pass me here, it may fare hard with thee.'

'Away, presumptuous boy!' shouted the aged father; his gray locks streaming wildly over his flushed countenance;—'Away! I command you; and suffer me to enter.'

'You have heard my determination,' answered the youth, in a firm voice.

'Perdition seize thee, fiend!' ejaculated the old man. 'Wilt tear an only child from her aged parent? Rose, dear Rose, come forth, and save me from madness!'

'Mr. Morton,' said the youth, touched with pity at the ebullition of the old man's grief,—'I solemnly declare, before the throne of Heaven, that your daughter is not within the cave; nor, as I have before stated, do I know where

she is. Return home, sir, endeavor to calm this perturbation; and I pledge my word, never to pillow my head until your daughter is restored to your arms.'

There was something so honest and plausible in the tone and demeanor of the speaker, that the old man paused and gazed wistfully in his countenance, as if to read in his heart an affirmation of his speech; at length he turned away, and while a tear bedimmed his eye, muttered,—'First, my son, my brave, my generous boy—tortured to death by the blood-thirsty savage; and now my daughter; my lovely, virtuous Rose; the prop of my old age; the comfort of my declining years; torn from me also!'

It was too much—too great a stroke for the old man to bear with stoic fortitude, and he sank senseless upon the cold hard rock.

* * * * *

By the ruddy light of the moon, which had scarcely peered its form above the eastern horizon, a small canoe containing three persons might have been discovered crossing the Niagara river, a few miles above the Falls.—Two of the party have already been introduced to our readers, as the hunters who defended the entrance to the Panther's Cave. The third was an Indian, attired in the costume of his people. Time had planted his furrows deep in his ample forehead, yet his eye glowed with the lustre of boyhood.

Manhaddon was chief of the Delawares, a mighty tribe that claimed a long range of the Susquehanna valley. He had for a number of years governed his people with wisdom and justice, and his bravery could well have been attested by any of the neighboring and hostile tribes. Manhaddon had a son, who to all his father's good qualities, added others peculiar to himself. The deer surpassed him not in speed, nor the lynx in agility; mild and forgiving in peace—but in war, terrible as the enraged tiger. Daily Was-she-to, or the *Young Panther*, ripened in manliness, while age daily depressed the faculties of the old chief. Gradually the love with which the tribe regarded Manhaddon, was alienated and cast upon his son; the old chief beheld this, and calling Wassheto, thus addressed him:

'The Young Panther is a warrior—he is like his father, when but twenty summers had passed over him—he has watched the trail of Manhaddon until he has grown a man—his tribe loves the young sapling more than the aged oak. Go, my son! and be a chief; but never raise the tomahawk against the pale faces, nor cause the ghosts of thy ancestors to cry shame against thee.'

The old chief then gave a farewell grasp to each of his tribe, and departed, no one knew whither. For a while the Young Panther ruled his tribe with all the wisdom and virtue of Manhaddon. Once he made an excursion to the settlements, and there drank of the 'Fire-water'*—he felt its exhilarating influence rush through his veins; again he tasted—deeper yet: and the young, brave, and once virtuous chief, became a habitual drunkard.—

* Rum.

His tribe beheld his almost inanimate form, stupid from the influence of rum, with the most poignant regret. Yet they loved him; they could not despise the son of Manhaddon, for the infatuation that had seized him. Once, while intoxicated, he beheld Rose Morton; her extreme beauty filled the soul of the drunken savage; and rushing towards her, he brutally entwined his swarthy arms about her alabaster neck. She shrieked, and her brother rushing to her assistance, felled the insulter to the ground. The savage arose, his eyes reddened from the effects of liquor, and his mouth foaming with rage; happily he was unarmed, yet he swore a horrid oath by the great Manitou of the Sky, to revenge himself on all Chowanee.

Scarcely a month afterwards, one cold and stormy night, a war hoop was heard encircling far around the devoted village. The terrified inhabitants had not time to protect their half-naked families to the Block-house, ere the savages were upon them. Nobly they fought—nobly they bled—but in vain; three-fourths of them perished beneath the tomahawks of the savages. The body of Rose Morton's brother was not found, and it was conjectured, and subsequently ascertained, that he had been conveyed to the Indian village, and tortured to death in revenge for the insult he offered to their chief. The sun arose next morning and beheld Chowanee a mass of charred and smoking ruins—the few remaining inhabitants congregated together, and solemnly vowed never to spare an Indian of the tribe of the Delawares. In a few months the village was rebuilt, but no monument, save the graves of the departed, stood to tell of that bloody night.

The canoe had now touched the Canada shore, and its inmates leaped nimbly on the beach. In a short time the boat was forced out of the water, and conveyed into a thicket of brush-wood, where it was artfully screened from observation. The trio then proceeded slowly along the beach, regarding attentively each trace apparent upon the sandy shore.

'Hal,' remarked the elder hunter, 'supposing them to travel day and night, and barely halting to prepare their food, we must be within a few miles of them—I would not hesitate to say, within an hour's march.'

The Indian, who led the advance, stooped, and for a few moments was engaged in surveying several scarcely visible impressions in the ground.

'Have they left their trail for us, or does my red father look upon the tracks of the beasts of the wilderness?' inquired the hunter, stooping to examine the marks which the Indian so minutely scrutinized.

'The deer have been scared by the canoe of my people,' muttered the Indian.

'The ground here is too hard for even a buffalo hoof to leave a trail,' said the hunter, 'but farther up the alluvion may betray them.'

The party again proceeded along the beach, but for a great distance the same hard soil was continued. Presently they arrived at a bluff, formed by the current forcing particles of sand from the river's bed, and casting them upon the projection of land. There the soil

grew more moist; and they discerned by the light of the moon, a long track running from the river into a thicket of bushes, which lined the shore.

'The trail of their canoe, as I live!' exclaimed the hunter.

'My brother speaks true,' replied the Indian, gazing earnestly at the footprints that interspersed the margin of the canoe's track.—'And if seventy winters have not destroyed the sight of Manhaddon, here are the foot-steps of the dark-eyed girl.'

Both the hunters gazed for a long time with unfeigned joy at the light, and scarcely discernable foot-print of the lovely maiden.—The thicket was then entered, and the trio proceeded one after another, cautiously removing the bushes, and treading as lightly as possible upon the leaf-strown ground. For nearly an hour they moved in this manner, until at length they emerged into a small clearing; the eyes of the Indian rested a moment upon an adjoining thicket, and advancing, he thrust aside the bushes, and discovered to the view of the hunters a long black canoe.

'Ha!' exclaimed the Indian, drawing the paddles from the thicket, and exposing their blades, full to the rays of the moon.

'Wet, as I live!' rejoined the hunter, gazing earnestly upon the still damp paddles.

'Now, Hal; if we rescue the girl, and be so fortunate as to regain our canoe, all will be well; they cannot follow us without their oars.' In an instant the paddles were secreted in the bushes, and the party again betook themselves to reconnoitering.

'Ha!' again exclaimed Manhaddon, sending his gaze through an opening in the bushes.

'What does my old father see?' asked the hunter, sending his gaze in the same direction with the Indian.

'Ay! I perceive—here Hal, dost see that faint streak of light, in the shade of yonder tree, which stands relieved from its fellows?'

'Yes; 'tis where the moon breaks through the leaves.'

'No such thing;' returned the elder hunter, 'tis the light, gleaming on the barrel of a rifle; the varments have neglected to cover their weapons, and the moon is playing on the polished iron.'

While the hunters were discoursing, Manhaddon arranged his buffalo-robe, so as to completely screen his person from view; then dropping on his knees he proceeded cautiously to the edge of the thicket, and in a straight direction towards where the Indians had bivouacked for the night.

'Cock your piece where you stand, Hal,' whispered the hunter, 'the varments might hear the tick of the lock from the edge of the thicket—now recollect the snapping of a twig or even the rustle of a leaf, might bring them on us in droves—Shift your piece; don't you perceive the moon gleaming on its barrel?—Young man, your experience has not yet taught you caution sufficient to deceive an Indian.'

The place selected by the hunters to watch the movements of Manhaddon, and be prepar-

ed, as circumstances might require, was so situated, and to give a full view of all around, while they were entirely screened from observation, by the deep shadow of the dense bushes, wherein they lay; the ground descended with a gentle slope, and formed a valley through which a small brook wound its way to the Niagara; and directly opposite on a rising ground, similar to where the hunters were stationed, the Indians had taken quarters for the night. It was a moment of the most painful anxiety to the hunters; for they well knew how small a circumstance might frustrate their enterprise, and they were also sufficiently acquainted with the character of a red man, to know that those Indians, whom they were about to deceive might themselves be on the alert, and awaiting the arrival of Manhaddon, in order to capture or despatch him. Multitudes of revolting visions crowded confusedly through the brain of the younger hunter; at one time the probability of Rose being misused by the savages arose in his mind; then the anguish of the father, the fear that their enterprise would prove unsuccessful, or even if they succeeded, the probability of their being intercepted on their return.—These haggard surmises flashed successively before him, arrayed in all their sickening colors, and his brain reeled and grew dizzy at the ominous creation of his own fancy.—Manhaddon had crossed the brook, and was traversing the opposite ascent, with a gait almost imperceptible to those in the thicket.

'Something has threatened his advance,' muttered the young hunter; 'he's as stationary as the rock he so nicely resembles.'

'You mistake,' continued his companion; 'he still advances, but so slowly as not to be discernable at this distance; see, he has gained the tree beneath which they lay—now, as you value success, be silent.'

Then all was hushed, save the roar of the distant cataract, which rose loud as the stunning murmur of a mighty multitude. The clear, full moon beamed with more than her wonted lustre, as she waded gaily through the cloudless azure vault, and the gentle wind scarcely rustled a leaf of the forest. Manhaddon had not reappeared, and each moment added to the anxiety of those in the thicket; minute succeeded minute, with excruciating suspense to their minds; every instant they expected to hear the wild and terrific yell of the savages to burst upon the ear; time waxed, yet all was silent as the tomb. Presently the dark form of an Indian appeared returning towards the place of their concealment.

'God of Heaven! he returns alone,' exclaimed the young hunter, in a tone of despair.

His companion for a long time made no reply, but continued gazing at the dark object as it approached; at length breaking the silence, he muttered,—

'If my eyes serve me aright, the Indian has succeeded.'

The younger hunter could scarcely credit the assertion; the many difficulties which obstructed the completion of such an enterprise appeared almost invincible; his heart sick-

ed, and hope decayed within his bosom; then banishing conjecture, he silently awaited the arrival of Manhaddon. The Indian had gained the shade of the thicket. The hearts of the hunters beat violently—they scarcely breathed—a thousand emotions rushed through the brain of the younger, with the rapidity of lightning—he advanced—paused—yet dared not lift the robe, lest his frail anticipations should be blasted. The Indian stood upright; the cloak fell from his shoulders, and discovered the slight and beautiful form of Rose Morton. A cry of smothered joy burst involuntarily from the lips of both the hunters.

'Thanks to God!' ejaculated Rose, 'and next to you, my dear, my tried friends; but O, how shall I ever recompense you. But the thanks of my aged father, the tear of joy and gratitude that shall roll down his furrowed cheek, will, I'm sure it will!'

'Lady,' said the younger hunter, 'we merit not the thanks you so lavishly bestow; the thought that we have made a father and daughter happy, is itself more than an ample remuneration for the performance of this, our duty.'

'A truce to your parley, for the present,' interrupted the elder hunter, with a smile.—'Make for the river as fast as possible; the imps may awaken and cut off our retreat. Will my red father lead the way?'

They then proceeded to retrace their steps—silently they bent their way. The young hunter was too full of joy for utterance, as was also the fair one his arm so tenderly supported. They had gained the margin of the river, and were rapidly proceeding towards their canoe, when a clear, loud, and distinct shout arose on the air with a sound that echoed far through the wilderness, and sent an icy chill to the inmost recesses of their hearts.—The party paused a moment in uncertainty; but soon their stupor was broken by the tramp of the savages, as they rushed through the bushes thrusting them down and snapping the twigs that opposed their fiery progress.

'To the canoe—quick,' shouted the hunter, 'The imps are pouring down, like a herd of mad buffaloes—heavens, what a trampling!—whew!'

In a few moments the party were seated in their canoe, and the hunter, seizing a paddle, essayed to push her with all his strength from the shore; the oar sank deep into the muddy bottom; in vain he strove to extricate it; it was as firm as if it had taken root in the soil; all efforts to release it were fruitless.—Still he retained his grasp, and strove with all his strength to regain it. The Indians had by this time gained the edge of the thicket, and were seen pouring down the beach, dragging their canoe onwards with the utmost celerity. Not a moment was to be lost, and the hunter gave the canoe an impetus which launched it far into the stream, yet left the faithless paddle where he had so firmly planted it. A cry of joy burst from the lips of the savages, as they beheld the oar of the hunter; and springing into the water, they succeeded, though with the utmost difficulty, in extricating it.—In a moment both canoes were seen rapidly

skimming the surface of the Niagara, with the utmost speed the most strenuous effort that either side could command. Altho' the hunter's party had the advantage in the number of paddles, it was more than counterbalanced by the extreme lightness of the Indian's canoe, as not more than half of the Indians had embarked. For some time both canoes continued their course without the slightest advantage being gained by either, but then the efforts of the hunters began to relax with exhaustion, while the long and steady stroke of the pursuing oar-man forced the hindmost boat nearer every moment to the one ahead. Both canoes were floating rapidly down the stream, and the roar of the cataract was every moment growing more audible; while the heavy, dense vapor that arose from the falling sheet of water, appeared as if wafting towards them.—They had now attained the centre of the stream, and the pursuer's canoe dashed onwards within fifty yards of them. The water gently began to undulate, an evidence that they were gliding rapidly towards the Falls, and at no great distance from the verge of the pitch. Not a word had been spoken by any of the hunter's party, since they left the Canada shore, so great was their anxiety; and now for the first time, the elder of the hunters broke the silence.

'If we could gain the shore ere they reach us, we might prevent their landing. But if they continue to advance at this rapid rate, we will be obliged to encounter them upon the stream. What would Manhaddon counsel, in such a strait?'

The Indian gazed upwards a moment, before he answered. 'When the shade falls dark upon our canoe, my white brother must use the rifle—See, it comes.'

A solitary cloud, that was sailing through the heavens, now interposed betwixt the moon's rays, and a dark shade was thrown upon the Canada shore, which rapidly advanced in the direction of the chase, as the mass of vapor rolled onwards. The shadow had passed over the pursuers, and now enshrouded those in front, when the hunter, seizing his rifle, and motioning the Indian to steady the canoe, levelled it full upon the advancing foe. Then the loud report of the rifle swelled upon the breeze, and reverberated in a long continued echo, which was finally lost in the roar of the cataract. The oars-man of the pursuers had raised his paddle in order to shift it, when the messenger of death, from the hunter's rifle, sank deep into his swarthy bosom; and uttering a faint yell, he sprang into the air and descended into the swift watery element, still holding the paddle in the convulsive grasp of death. A fearful silence for a moment bound their lips, and then a yell of despair told the tenor of their feelings, as they beheld themselves rushing swiftly towards the Falls, without an oar to save them from destruction. In a few moments the hunter's party had landed on the American side, and were observed eagerly straining their visions in the direction of the unfortunate Indians.

'Heavens!' ejaculated the young hunter,

'with what rapidity they glide towards the cataract.'

'And is there no hope for them,' asked a plaintive voice at his side.

'None, death to them is inevitable,' returned the addressed. 'Now they gain the rough water—see how their frail boat is tossed to and fro by the angry element—would to God they might be rescued—see, one has plunged into the river, and is striving to gain the Island.*—Poor fellow, he will never succeed—the current runs as swift and strong as a mountain torrent.'

'I would not have regretted captivity,' murmured Rose, 'had I known my deliverance would be purchased at a price so dear. O, how revolting, to see so many human beings gliding to certain destruction, without possessing the power to save them.'

'Tis indeed!' exclaimed the hunter.—'But see how that unfortunate one struggles against the stream—'Tis useless; see his efforts relax—he sinks—and is up again; he struggles hard—but in vain, the waters close over him—he's gone forever.'

'May the Lord have mercy upon him!' exclaimed Rose, while a cold shudder ran through her frame.

'Amen!' resumed the youth; 'but observe how those in the boat clasp their sides, with the vain hope of descending the Falls in safety—Alas! 'tis impossible.'

Then each breathed hard, and strained their visions anew to catch a parting glimpse of the devoted Indians. It was the last, a moment more, and they were precipitated down the foaming sheet of water.

'May the Lord God Almighty have mercy on their souls!' exclaimed the elder hunter; breaking the fearful silence, which the appalling solemnity of the scene impressed upon their inmost souls.

* * * * *
Months had flown by, showering their joys, their sorrows, and their reverses, upon the beautiful village of Chowanee, when one morning a bloody arrow was discovered transfixed in the gate of Hugh Morton's dwelling. Silently, and with feelings we may not describe, the inhabitants gazed upon the harbingers of bloodshed.

'I expected this,' muttered one in the crowd, minutely scanning the long and beautiful arrow as it trembled in the breeze,—'the imps have not yet forgotten their comrades who were carried over the Falls; and I fear much—too much blood will flow, ere their revenge will be satiated. Yet men of Chowanee, let them not find us unprepared; go, and every one of you make ready for a long, arduous, and bloody conflict. When the red men send a precursor like this, they come dense as the leaves of the forest, with a determination and certainty of executing their purpose.'

The moon rose about midnight, and her stately form had scarcely peered over the distant mountain, when the report of a sentinel's rifle sounded the approach of danger. In an instant the villagers had assembled in the

avenue, prepared in body and mind for death or victory. Presently the united war whoops of a thousand savages rose on the still night wind, and died in cadence amongst the surrounding hills. Multitudes of dark forms were seen emerging from the dense shade of the forest, and the brave blood of the sturdy foresters chilled with despair, as they beheld themselves surrounded on every side by a revengeful and merciless foe.

'Tis vain to combat,' said a voice, amongst the assembled villagers; 'the savages of more than one nation, have combined against us, and to withstand them a moment would be provoking destruction. Our only trust is in the Wise Disposer of events, and by a firm reliance on His mercy, we may yet weather the storm that so darkly threatens us.'

The sun arose, basking in its diamond rays, and ushered forth a day which formed a dismal contrast to the feelings of the captivated villagers, who calmly awaited the sentence of the conquerors. In the parlor of one of the dwellings, several of the victors and vanquished had assembled. There was a silence for awhile, till each one had seated; when Wassheto, the son of Manhaddon, arose, and addressed Hugh Morton:

'Why did the gray haired chief leave his village across the Salt Lake? Would the corn not grow, or were the deer scarce?'

'Neither,' answered the venerable Hugh, 'Twas solely the love of liberty, that induced me to seek an asylum in the wilderness of America.'

'Does my father know that the ground on which his wigwams stand, is the property of my people?'

'Indian, I have no such knowledge. God created the land alike for his children, and the claim of the white man is as just as yours; yet, if you think we have innovated upon your rights, we are willing to purchase the land.—Wilt sell it, chief?'

'To make the heart of my snow haired father glad, I will.'

'Then name your price; and if it require the sacrifice of all I possess, you shall be paid,' continued Hugh.

'Listen!' returned the chief, 'If my father will give his daughter to the son of Manhaddon, the land is his, and the tomahawk of my people shall be forever buried against them.'

'What!' exclaimed the astonished father, scarcely crediting his senses.

'The ears of my father are not dull,' muttered the Indian, 'If his daughter will dwell in the lodge of Wassheto, the land is his—the pale faces are free.'

A murmur of astonishment and disgust passed among the villagers, and the face of the parent grew alternately flushed and pale, as he exclaimed with the most passionate vehemence, 'Avaunt, thou fiend of darkness! dost think I would deliver unto thee my child, my lovely, virtuous Rose, to be thy slave?—Thy—thy—thy—Hell and fury, no! These old limbs should be torn asunder, and these gray hairs scattered to the four winds of Heav-

en, ere the most distant idea of so loathsome an event should dawn upon me. My daughter's bosom for thy pillow—ha, ha, ha! away, fell heathen, thou'rt poison to my sight.'

The Indian stood calm and unabashed, at the ungentle reproof of the gray haired father, and the disgusting frowns of the villagers; then folding his robe with dignity, and drawing his beautiful form to its full height, he said:

'Will my father give his daughter in peace, or must the son of Manhaddon exert the power Manitou has given him? Look,' said he, leading Hugh to a window which overlooked the village, 'these are my warriors.'

'Indian,' returned the parent, whose passion had subsided, 'She is the promised wife of another—there stands the intended husband!'

The young hunter drew himself to his full height, and lowered his brow into a fierce and contemptuous frown, as the gaze of the Indian met his own. Wassheto heeded it not; but turning towards the parent with lordly indifference, he calmly said, 'The young pale face must die!'

'Die!' re-echoed the old man; 'for what—for being the intended husband of my daughter? O Indian, take all I possess on earth, but leave me my Rose, and spare the life of that brave and generous youth!'

'I hear the voice of my people from the roar of the Niagara—they cry revenge,' answered the savage.

The young hunter was not one of those who mock life and defy death, yet when he found the remonstrance of the father useless he spoke—

'Cease your entreaties, good father, I would not value the breath that was granted at his mercy—let the savage do his worst.'

'Shall the daughter of my father go in peace with Wassheto?' again asked the Indian.

'She is the betrothed of another,' exclaimed the father, peremptorily; and even were she not, she could not be thine.'

'Manitou scorch me with his lightning, but she shall be mine!' shouted the Indian in a tone of passion. 'Dost think, old gray head, to dally with the master of a thousand tomahawks? The young fawn shall lie in the lodge of Wassheto, and the men of the pale faces shall die!—A warrior has said it.'

At that instant the door was thrown open, and the elder hunter, accompanied by Manhaddon, entered the apartment. Tongue or pen could not portray the astonishment visible in the countenance of the Indians at the sight of the old chieftain. It is not usual for the sons of the forest to betray the least excitement at any cause, but in the present instance their joy was wild and vehement in the extreme. When the first burst of surprise, joy, and greeting was over, the old chief spake to his sons as follows:

'Are the deer numerous and the corn plentiful in the lodge of my son, that he must raise the war whoop for pastime?'

'Father,' returned Wassheto, 'A people have come from over the Salt Lake, and built their wigwams upon the graves of our ances-

* Goat Island.

* Atlantic ocean.

tors—their ghosts cry revenge, and we are here to obey them.

'My son is blind,' answered Manhaddon. 'When the Great Spirit made the earth, he made it very big; the village of the pale face is small.—Warriors of Delaware, listen.—When I was a chief, whose wigwam counted more scalps?—Whose tomahawk was redder than Manhaddon's?'

The orator paused a moment, and then resumed:

'I saw a people come in big canoes from over the Salt Lake. They asked for ground to plant their corn, and we gave it. Another came, and still another, until the new tribe grew numerous as the leaves of the forest.—Then my people opened their eyes, and grasped the tomahawk; but it was too late; the rat had grown a buffalo. Snows have melted since then, and the pale faces have built many villages.—'Tis useless to battle—the star of the red men has set in darkness—Manitou smiles upon the new people. Will my people frown—Manitou says they must live.—Will the Delawares say no?—My son!—the pale faces must be free!'

'The word of Manhaddon is law,' muttered the son, motioning his followers to unbind the captives. When the villagers were relieved from their fetters, the old chief beckoned his son, and thus addressed him:

'When Manhaddon sought the wilderness, that his son might be a chief, did he not forbid him to war with the pale faces?'

The son made no reply, and the old chief resumed.

'Did he not show him the trail of a warrior, that he might grow a chief?'

Again the old chief paused, and again the son was silent.

'Wassheto has grown a dog,' exclaimed Manhaddon. 'He is a drunkard. His tribe does not love him. He has slighted the voice of his father—He must die! A silence like that of the grave, succeeded the last sound of the old man's voice. The son betrayed not the slightest emotion, but stood still and silent as a statue. The old chief advanced, and drawing his knife from its belt, plunged it deep into the heart of his offending offspring. A movement was made by the villagers to prevent the chief, but it was too late—the knife had entered, and Wassheto fell, and expired without a groan! A pause, fearful, deep, and unbroken, reigned for a moment, when Manhaddon resumed, 'Warriors of Delaware, return to your homes, and forever live in peace with the 'children of the sun.' 'For 'tis as impossible to overturn the Mountain of Eagles, as rescue the land of our father from their grasp.'

Manhaddon paused, and like Brutus, bent over the dead body of his son, but not like Brutus wept his fate.

PROVERBS.

A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool.

An emmet may work its heart out, but can never make honey.

A man is a lion in his ain cause.—*Scotch.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

A DIRGE.

BY GEORGE W. THOMPSON.

AIR—*Mozart's Requiem.*

COME with me to that dim wild place
Which lies far down the wildwood glen;
There are graves of a nameless race,
The resting place of aged men;
To that wild spot, in years long fled
We mournfully bore the youthful dead;
And since that time with burning brow
We've wander'd far thro' this cold earth,
And our young friends where are they now—
Those sons of genius—honor—worth?
Their brows are blanch'd; dimm'd each bright eye;
Alas! alas! can such things die?
And is the grave, the worm, the shroud,
All our proudest hopes may claim;
To perish like a sunset cloud,
Nor leave a halo 'round our name?

That dim wild spot;—there suits us best
To view the melancholy past;
'Tis there our wearied heads may rest,
Our aching hearts find peace at last;
And Passion's pow'r, and Fancy's flight
Sink dimly in a dreamless night;
Then should we shun that solemn hour
When Life's false glories shall depart,
When Death in unsurpassing pow'r
With icy numbness chills the heart?
When Passion's glare or Wisdom's gleam
Shall be an unremember'd dream;
And o'er our graves in silent grief
Tears may fall—one heart be riv'n;
But weep not thou; the time is brief
When we shall meet again—in Heaven.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE MAGDALEN.

From the Diary of a Physician.

(CONTINUED.)

I need not, however, delay the course of the narrative, by dwelling on the comparatively eventless week that followed. I attended my miserable patient on an average twice and thrice a day, and was gratified at finding no relapse; that she even recovered, though slowly, from the fierce and sudden attack that had been made on her exhausted constitution. During this time, as I never encouraged conversation, confining my enquiries to the state of her health, she said nothing either of interest or importance. Her mind was sunk into a state of the most deplorable despondency, evidenced by long, frequent, deep-drawn sighs. I learned from the nurse, that Miss Edwards sometimes moaned piteously during the night. 'Oh, mother!—mother!—my mother!' She would scarcely open her lips from morning to night, even to answer the most necessary question. On one occasion, I found she opened a little purse that lay under her pillow, took out a solitary five-pound note, and put it unexpectedly into the nurse's hands which she clasp-

ed at the same time within her own, with a supplicating expression of countenance, as if begging of her to retain the money. When she found that the nurse was firm in her refusal, she put it back in her purse in silence.—'And your heart would have felt for her,' said the nurse, 'if you had seen her sad face!' I need hardly perhaps mention, that she had pressed the little relic of her wretched gains upon me in a similar manner, till she desisted in despair. On Friday morning, as I was taking my leave of her, she suddenly seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and, with more energy than her feeble state could well bear, gasped—'Oh, that I could but get out of bed to fall down on my knees before you to thank you!—Oh, it would relieve my heart!'

Monday, October 15.

Yesterday morning I told Miss Edwards that I thought we might venture to remove her to our Dispensary on the following day; an intimation she appeared to receive with indifference, or rather apathy. I also informed the infamous landlady of my intention, directing her to furnish me with whatever account she might have for lodging, &c., against my patient. Oh! how my soul abhorred the sight of, and sickened at speaking with that hideous bloated old monster! This morning I was at ——— Court by ten o'clock. Finding nobody stirring about the door, passage, or stairs, I ascended at once to the room of Miss Edwards. As I was passing the landing of the first floor, I overheard, through a half-open door, the voices of persons conversing together. No apology can be necessary for stating that on distinguishing the words 'Sall Edwards' I paused for a moment to listen what plot might be hatching against her.

'I tell you, we'd better lose no time,' said the voice of a man in a gruff undertone; 'we've been here shilly-shallying day after day to no purpose all the week, till its nearly too late. I know the ——— keeps it always under her pillow.'

[The physician thus overheard the plan to rob and murder the unfortunate victim, but proceeding with all speed for a police officer, arrived just in time to prevent the villain from effecting his purpose and took him into custody.]

'Oh mercy! mercy! mercy!—shrieked the voice of Miss Edwards, whom the loud voice of the thief had awoke from the deep sleep produced by sedative medicines.

She started suddenly up in bed, into a kneeling posture, her hands clasped together—her face turned towards the group at the door with the wildest terror. I hurried to her side—implored her to be calm—and told her it was nothing but slight disturbance—that I would protect her.

'Mercy! mercy! murder! mercy! she' continued to gasp, regardless of all I could say to her. The officer had by this time prevailed on his prisoner to quit the room peaceably—calling me to bolt the door after him, and stay in the room till he came back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstasy of apprehension. I expected to see a second fit

of blood-spitting come on—to hear the vile people of the house rush up to the door, and burst it open. I explained to Miss Edwards, as she lay panting in the bed, that the man who was taken off had entered the room for the purpose of robbing her of her five pounds.

'I saw—I saw his face!' she gasped—'they say—it is said—he murdered one of the'—she could utter no more, but lay shaking from head to foot. 'Will he come back again?'—she inquired in the same affrighted tone. By degrees, however, her agitation ceased, and, thank God?—(though I could not account for it)—there was no noise, no uproar heard at the door, as I had apprehended. I gave my patient a few drops of laudanum in water, to aid in quieting her system; and prayed to God, in my heart, that this fearful accident might not be attended with fatal consequences to her!

The drowsy effects of the laudanum, were beginning to appear, when the officer accompanied by another, gently knocked at the door for admission.

'He's safe enough, now, sir, and we've secured the money,' he whispered, as I met him half-way, with my finger on my lips.

'The hackney-coach, sir, is waiting at the door,' said he in a low tone—'the coach you ordered from the Dispensary, they say. I ask your pardon, sir, but had'nt you better take the lady away at once? The sooner she leaves such a place as this, the better. There may be a disturbance, as these houses swarm with thieves and villains of all kinds, and there are but two of us here to protect you!'

'How is it,' said I, 'that the people of the house make no disturbance, that they let you take off your men so easily—?'

'Lord, sir, they durs'n't!—They're all at home—but they know us, and durs'n't show their faces. They know 'tis in our power to take them off to the office as accomplices if we like! But hadn't you better make up your mind, sir, about removing her.'

True. I stood for a moment considering. Perhaps his advice was the best; and yet, could she bear it, after all this agitation? I stepped to the bed side. She was nearly asleep (our conversation had been carried on in the lowest whisper,) and her pulse was gradually calming down. I thought it, on the whole, the most favorable moment, for at least making the attempt, and I directed the nurse, therefore, to make the necessary preparations immediately.

In less than a quarter of an hour's time, we had Miss Edwards well muffled up, and wrapped in a large cloak. Her few clothes were tied up in a small bundle: and the officer carried her down with as much ease as he could an infant. There was no noise, no hurry, and as the coach set off with us, I felt inexpressibly delighted, that at all events I had removed her from the hateful situation in which I found her. We had not far to go.—Miss Edwards, a little agitated, lay quietly in the nurse's arms, and, on the whole, bore the fatigue of removing better than could have been expected. The coachman drove through the quietest street he could find; and by the

time we stood before the Dispensary gate, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, be it remembered, the influence of the recently-given laudanum was upon her. On alighting, the nurse helped her into my arms. Poor creature! Her weight was that of a child! Though not a strong man, I carried her across the yard, and up stairs to the room that had been prepared for her, with all the ease imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysteric starts, made me apprehensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I consoled myself, however, with the recollection, that under the peculiar exigencies of the case, we could have pursued no other or better course, and that my unhappy patient was now where she would receive all the attention that could possibly be paid to any one in her melancholy situation. As I gazed at her, there seemed fewer traces than before, of what she had been formerly. She looked more haggard—more hopelessly emaciated than I had before seen her. Still, however, I did not despair of in time bringing her round again. I prescribed a little necessary medicine, and being much behind hand, with my day's engagement, left, promising to call, if possible, again in the evening. I comforted myself throughout the day with hopes of Miss Edwards' recovery, or her restoration, even in some measure to society—aye, even of introducing once more into the fold this 'tainted wether of the flock!'

Really there does seem something almost magical in the alteration visible in Miss Edwards! I am not the only one that thinks so. Some of her worst symptoms seem disappearing. Though she eats as little as ever, that little is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was; the pain in her chest is not so oppressive; her spitting sometimes intermits; the fierce evening fever burns slacker; the wasting night sweats abate a little. I am not, however, prematurely sanguine about her; I have seen too many of these deceitful rallyings to be easily deluded by them. Alas! I know too well that they may even be looked upon as symptomatic of her fatal disorder! But courage! *Nil desperandum, auspice DEO*: she is in *THY* hands—I leave her there, and bow!

Then again, may we not hope, in turn, to 'minister' successfully 'to the *MIND* diseased'—to 'cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff'—which, not removed, will defy all the efforts of human art? Yes, let us hope, 'though against hope'—for methinks there is stealing over her features an aspect of serenity of which they have long been stripped—there are signs of rejoicing in the desert—of gladness in the wilderness and solitary place, and blossoming in the rose!

Rays of the former sweetness of temper and manner are perceptible—which, with the knowledge of her sufferings, endear her to all around her. She has so won upon the attentive, affectionate nurse, that the faithful crea-

ture will not hear of her place being supplied by another.

'Well, Eleanor,' said I to her this morning, 'I'm delighted to find your pulse and tongue speak so well of you; that the nurse can bear witness to the good night's rest you have had! I don't hesitate to say, that if you go on in this way a little longer, I think I can hold out o you strong hopes of recovery!'

'Recovery!' She exclaimed, with a deep sigh, shaking her head, 'do you think I am glad to hear it?'

'Dear me,' exclaimed the nurse, impatiently, 'that's just the way the young lady keeps on with, all the night and day through! I tell her 'tis wrong, Doctor—isn't it?'

'Tis *always* wrong, surely,' I replied, with a serious air, 'to be unthankful to the Almighty for his blessings, especially such as Miss Edwards has received.'

'Ah, Doctor, you wrong me! I wish you could read my heart, and then tell how it beats with gratitude towards HIM I have so heavily offended! But why should I recover? What is there in life for *me*? Forgive me I say, Oh that Heaven, in its mercy, would let me die now! I am happy, yes happy in the prospect of death; but when I think of *life*, my joys fade suddenly!'

'Resign yourself, Eleanor to the will of God! He in his infinite wisdom must choose for you, life or death! Learn to obey, with fear and trembling!'

'But how should I be otherwise than shocked at returning to the world—the scene of my horrible guilt—my black'—she paused, and turned pale. 'Who would not spurn me with loathing? The worms would turn against me!—Even this kind woman.'—

'La, ma'am—and what of *me*? Bless you! Do you think I hate you?' interrupted the honest nurse, with tears in her eyes.

'And, Eleanor—remember: did my *wife*, at any of the times she has been here?—'

'No! no! no!' murmured the poor sufferer, her tears starting—and snatching my hand to her lips—'forgive me! but how can I help it?'

'Don't be distressed, Eleanor—if you should recover—about your future prospects,' said I, as the nurse left the room—'there *are* ways of securing you a comfortable, though perhaps, an humble retreat! The bounty of one or two kind individuals.'—

'Doctor—Doctor'—she interrupted me:—when her emotion would not suffer her to say more.

'Don't be oppressed, Eleanor—don't overestimate a little kindness,' said I, thinking she overrated the small services I spoke of—'It will be little, and that little cheerfully given, among five or six persons—and that those ladies—her emotion seemed to increase.—'Well, well—if you dislike so much the sense of obligation, why cannot you lighten the sense of it, by trying to contribute a little to your own support? Your accomplishments would easily admit of it.'

'Dear Doctor—you mislake me!' interrupted she, having regained a measure of calmness.—'I could tell a secret that would astonish you.'

'A secret!'—I echoed, with a smile—'Why, what about?'

'I will tell you,' said she looking towards the door, as if apprehensive of interruption. I rose and bolted it.

'I am at this moment, believe me when I say it,—worth £3000, and more than that; all—all at my absolute command!'

I stared at her, first with astonishment, then with incredulity; and finally with concern—thinking her intellects disordered. I shook my head involuntarily, at her.

'Doctor—disbelieve me, if you choose,' she continued calmly,—but I am serious.—I do not speak, as you seem to imagine, deliriously—No, no! This sum of money is really mine—mine alone; and every farthing of it is in the funds at this moment.'

'Ah!' I interrupted her, the thought suddenly occurring to me, 'your destroyer baited his hook splendidly.'—

All the colour that had mantled her cheeks vanished suddenly, leaving them as white as marble. She gazed at me for a few moments in silence—the silence I knew not whether of sorrow or scorn.

'No,' she replied at length, with a profound sigh, closing her eyes with her left hand, 'It has never been polluted by his touch; it should perish if it had! No, no, it is not the price of my shame! Oh, Doctor, Doctor! Am I then fallen so deeply lower than I suspected, even in your estimation? Could you think I would sell myself for money?' She said this with more bitterness of tone and manner than I had ever seen in her.

'Well, Eleanor, be calm! Forgive me! I am very sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings!' She continued silent. 'Eleanor, don't you forgive me?' I enquired taking her hand in mine.

'You have not offended me, Doctor, you cannot,' she replied, in tears. It was the thoughts of my own guilt, my own infamy, that shocked me; but it is over!—Oh, is it for such a vile wretch as me.' She ceased suddenly, and buried her face in her hands.

'Doctor,' at length she resumed, calmer, though in tears, I say this large sum of money is mine—wholly mine. It came to me through the death of a cousin at sea; and was left me by my uncle. They knew not of the polluted hands it was to fall into! Again she paused, overpowered with her feelings. 'But though I knew it was become mine, could I claim it? A wretch like me? No; the vengeance of God would have blighted me! I have never applied for it; I never will! I have often been starving; driven to the most fearful extent of crime, scarce knowing what I was about; yet I never dared to think of calling the money mine! Guilty, depraved as I was I hoped that God would view it as a penance, an atonement for my crimes! Oh, God! didst thou, wilt thou now accept so poor, so unworthy a proof of my repentance! Even in dust and ashes it is offered!'

She ceased. My soul indeed felt for her. Poor girl; what a proof, though a mistaken one, was here of the bitterness, the reality, of

her contrition and remorse! I scarcely knew what reply to make to her.

'I have now, however, made up my mind how to dispose of it; in a manner which I humbly hope will be pleasing to God; and may he accept it at my hands; I wish.'—At this moment the returning footsteps of the nurse were heard. 'To-morrow; to-morrow doctor; a long history,' she whispered hastily.

I took the hint, opened the door, and the nurse entered. Miss Edwards was much exhausted with the efforts she had made in conversation; and I presently took my leave, reminding her significantly, that I should see her the next evening. Her concluding words led me to expect a narrative of what had befallen her. But unless she proved much better able than she seemed now to undertake such a painful task, I determined to postpone it.

To be Continued.

The following verses appeared some years since in the Saturday Evening Post. They are from the pen of a Bard who has long enriched the columns of that paper and the Casket with his productions.—Editor.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

On a sea beaten rock that o'er hangs the dark billow,

Where the winds and the waves beat enveloped in foam,

He rests his lone head on the rough ragged pillow,

And weeps for his kindred, his country and home.

His sigh, with the sound of the wild surging ocean,

Now mingles in murmurs and dies on the wind; And he bows his white knee, and bends down in devotion,

While his dark rolling ringlets float wildly behind.

Now the mem'ry of country, of home, and of childhood,

Arises before him all lovely and fair, He seems to behold his loved cottage and wild-wood,

Then starts from his dream and awakes to despair.

O, never, no never, he cries in his sadness, Shall I again tread on the threshold of home; O, press my fond friends to my bosom with gladness,

Or thro' the wild woodland in happiness roam.

Far, far from the scenes of my childhood I wander,

Far, far from the blest and the beautiful shore, An exile alone in my sorrow I ponder, And weep for the home I shall visit no more.

My harp is unstrung and it hangs on the willow The winds through its wires make a sorrowful strain,

When borne to my ears by the breeze of the billow,

Despair and distraction then fire my brain.

Farewell to my country, my cottage and wild-wood,

In a far foreign land still unfriended I roam; Adieu to my friends and affections of childhood.

A long last adieu to my country and home.

MILFORD BARD.

PATROC.—Not long since, an eminent lawyer of Ohio, closed a pathetic harangue to a jury, in the following strain

'And now the shades of night had shrouded the earth in darkness. All nature lay wrapt in solemn thought, when these defendant ruffians came rushing like a mighty torrent from the hills down upon the abodes of peace; broke open the plaintiff's door; separated the weeping mother from her screeching infant; and took away my client's rifle, for which we charge fifteen dollars.'

Puffing Extra. A New York paper tells us of a Stryke, manufactured by Messrs. — & Co. which was so sharp that even its shadow, as it hung on the limb of an apple-tree in the bright sun, cut off a man's foot!

About \$1400 were subscribed by the citizens of Hartford, Ct. for the Asylum for the Blind, in Boston, on Thursday last week, after an Exhibition by the pupils of Doctor Howe.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—In Morristown, April 24, 1833, Miss Margaret Ann L. Strain, in the 18th year of her age.

The following verses were found among her papers in her own hand writing, a few days after her death—dated April 7, 1833.—Communicated.

SPRING.

As surly winter hides his cheerless brow And lifts his snowy mantle from the ground, Gay Spring returns with animating glow To cheer the land and scatter smiles around.

The Sun and sacred Parent of the Day To other climes had bent his fostering power, But now returns to wake the morning lay, To swell the buds and ev'ry opening flower.

Now as the fields are clothed in lovely green, On every side botanic charms abound; Unnumber'd hues appear in every scene Where Flora spreads her gaudy treasures round.

Where festive throngs in rural bliss regale, The blossoms lend their fragrance to the breeze; And breathing zephyrs, and each passing gale Diffuse sweet odors from the balmy trees.

But those gay scenes and landscapes now sublime, Will soon forbear to spread their smiling bloom; For spring rolls swiftly on the car of Time, And soon will change to summer's sultry gloom.

And thus like Spring, will youthful scenes retire, And years revolving, shrouded oft in gloom, Roll on 'till drooping age oppressed with care Sinks to repose beneath the peaceful tomb.

**LITERARY CABINET;
AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.
ST. CLAIRSVILLE, JUNE 8, 1833.**

THE PRIZE TALE.

By the subjoined note from the committee, it will be seen that the decision has been made in favor of the tale entitled 'The Valley of the Susquehanna,' by ROBERT BURTS, of Cincinnati. It is a production of very considerable merit, and we think will well bear a comparison with most of the Prize Tales we have seen. We publish it entire in the present number.

We have on hand a goodly number of others, of, perhaps, nearly equal merit, which we will dispose of in due time, for the entertainment of our readers.

"We have examined the Tales submitted to us by the Editor of the Literary Cabinet and Western Olive Branch, and are of opinion, that the one entitled 'THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA,' is the *"best,"* and consequently, that its Author is entitled to the Prize.

J. WEIR,
M. COULTER, } Committee.
H. J. HOWARD.

POSTAGE.

The article of postage has generally been a heavy item of expenditure with publishers of periodicals. Notwithstanding their frequent complaints to correspondents for this neglect, many of the letters, &c, they are daily in the receipt of, and which are often of little or no importance to themselves, are left unpaid. The postage on one letter, or even a dozen, would not be made a matter of complaint—but when it amounts to perhaps a hundred or more, as it often does in the course of a year, it then becomes a serious consideration.

We ask the reader's attention to these remarks. We have suffered from a want of attention in our correspondents to these small things—small, when taken separately, but when taken collectively, of considerable importance to us.

CHOLERA.

This disease commenced its ravages in Wheeling on the 16th ultimo. Since that time it has raged with a violence not surpassed, perhaps, since its appearance in North America. From its first appearance in Wheeling, up to the present date about 80 persons have died; and the editor of the Times supposes that no less than 500 cases have occurred.

There have yet been no cases in this village.—Great alarm is manifested in our citizens, and in the people of the surrounding country.

Several cases have occurred in Mt. Pleasant and Harrisville, and in the country north and west of this place.

SALMAGUNDI.

The Boston Transcript says that "Professor Jacob Abbott, late Principal of the Mt. Vernon School, Boston, has been appointed President of the Marietta Collegiate Institute, and Western Teacher's Seminary."

The first specimen of an Anglo-Chinese Calendar and Register has been published in China for the year 1832. According to it, the population of the Celestial Empire amounted to 362 millions.

The Legislature of Indiana has chartered a college with power to confer degrees upon females.

There are to be degrees of Doctress of Natural Science, of English Literature, &c.

Query—Might not Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. "Paul Pry," and Mrs. Bottsford get Professorships in that institution?"

The sixth number, volume 2d, of Waldie's Select Circulating Library contains the "Rambles of a Naturalist," by the late Dr. Godman—with a biographical memoir of the author, by Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati.

A Prospectus of the N. Y. Traveller and Spirit of the Times says that paper is under the editorial direction of Charles J. B. Fisher, brother to Miss Clara Fisher (!) Indeed! Then Miss Clara Fisher is sister to Charles J. B. Fisher?

An eastern paper says that an editor somewhere in the State of Ohio owns a horse!—and wonders how he got him.

To beat that—a pair of editors in this town own a carriage; and, what is more, they ride in it when they please. They have not been long in the west, however.

The Zanesville Gazette says the mechanics of that place have established a Lyceum, with funds for a Library, &c. This is as it should be.

If we had the right kind of *material*, who knows but we might have a Lyceum here also?

The Record of Genius, Utica, N. Y. has commenced its second year under the direction of an incognito editor. We hope the passionate appeal of our *unknown* brother to the people of Oneida has not been made in vain.

The O. S. Journal has commenced publishing "Wacousta; or the Prophecy," which occupies 63 pages of Waldie's Library. We fear he will not get through in time to commence reporting for the Legislature.

A Mr. Audubon is taking subscriptions in the eastern cities for a great work on Ornithology, at \$300 each. The engravings, one might suppose, are to be "as large as life, and twice as natural," at such a price.

Humorous.

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

The following patriotic speech, was delivered, it is said, at a late meeting in Illinois, called for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of getting up a second expedition against the Sacs and Foxes.

Friends and Fellow Citizens Sojirs:

We are met together here for the purpose of excussing the subject about the hospitalities lately convicted against our peaceful, and blooming, and flourishing frontier, by the condacious red skins. [A murmur of applause.] I say we are met here to instigate whether we shall sit still in our shantees, and see the spoiler whet his deadly and bloody and murderous knife against the hearts of friends and feller squatters; them 'are fearless spirits who have gone forth with a bloody heart and strong arm to dig ditches and drain the swamps of the west! and whom we may look upon emphatically and betotally as the pianos of a new world! [Much cheering and calling "hear—hear!"] Whether we shall sit still and see their cornfields ravished, their wives inviolated before their eyes, and their smiling, prattling infants, used up in the most barbarous manners; or whether we will march at once upon this second champagne, and by our timely valorasity, save them from a state of total defunction! At the same time extinguish ourselves in external fame. [Here the scalp halloo was thrice repeated.] Ah! my feller

citizens sojirs! I fully propriate the symptomizing feelings of your hearts. I need not remind you of your duties towards your suffering and distressful and conflict brethern. Their woes cry aloud for address, and perhaps are heard even now in the retiracy of our firesides and our chimby corners. [Much agitation in the centre.] Behold they lay down at night with a blooming cheek and ruby lip, and oh—my feller sojirs, must I revulge the cruel, the dreadful, the fatal catastrophe—they wake up ere morning in death! [Here the scalp halloo was again sounded; and after a little calling to order, by an amateur speaker, who was taking notes with a piece of chalk, on a board fence, the orator of the day resumed.] But I cannot dwell upon this horrible, this appalling, this dreadful subject—a subject, feller citizens sojirs, whose horror run fernest the grain, as I may say, of the soul without—I say without—[clearing his throat and addressing one of the cr—owd]—Stranger, will ye hand me a goard of water, with a little sprinkle of the critter in it?—without feeling an insquinchable thirst for—[tastng the liquor, and addressing the individual who brought it]—a little more of the critter if you please—just a sprinkle—a mere drap—that—an insquinchable thirst for that wengeance which all the gods of war, Wulcal, and Plato, and Wesuvians, claim as their high prerogative, and which I would shower in wrath upon them 'are illegal, exconstitutional, and incivilized savages, which skulk among our bottoms by day and by night, sallies forth to kill and to murder our families, and to rob our Potato patches.

Yes gentlemen, and feller citizens sojirs! my soul rises spontaneciously as I contmminate the glorious event that must extinguish our names in the hearts of our countrymen, till time shall be no more. Our excess in this expedition is sarten—a mere sarcumstance. The pianos will be aroused, and we will all fight on 'em boadiciously, and tee totally abfistigate 'em off the face of the yearh. I know you are all the raal grit—I myself am particularly a caution: a raal snag: and will lead you to where a good chunk of fight is sarten to be hit against. I will flank you into a solemn column; receding by a retrograde advance, we will away to the field of glory, the field of garnish and of blood. Yes, my friends and feller sojirs—we will meet the enemy in their own diggins, and the way we'll use 'em up will be a sin to Crockett.

EPIGRAM.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies—
Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise."
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,
'To be so sheltered in so thin a dress!"

**LITERARY CABINET,
AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH**

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